

by force

by teamginger

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Summary: Lexa is a Jedi and comes across Clarke, a younger girl who is just learning she's force-sensitive

1. Chapter 1

It was impossible for Lexa to miss the flash of blonde hair behind the bar. She'd come here to simply catch a moment of downtime while she was on Corellia, hired privately to protect a fleet of ships from smugglers. It wasn't exactly a traditional job for a Jedi, but Lexa didn't mind doing it. Ever since she'd come to realize her gift, she was always willing to help those who weren't as fortunate as her. Her mentor, Anya, had always told her that she couldn't flaunt her powers as such, but she never listened. To be a Jedi was to fight for the greater good, and to Lexa, that meant using the force as a tool to help others.

Which is what drew her to the blonde girl. While mixing drinks with both her hands, other glasses and bottles were floating slowly and precariously towards patrons at the bar, and Lexa could feel the power of the force drawing her closer.

"Can I get you something?" The girl asked brusquely. Lexa shook her head.

"No- it's just.. The way that you're mixing drinks is kind of neat," Lexa said, unsure of how to approach the situation. The girl looked at her warily.

"Are you trying to pick me up or something? That's the first time anyone has tried that one," the girl replied suspiciously, and Lexa couldn't help but feel a bit flustered. Although she hadn't intended to come across as flirtatious, the girl was definitely beautiful.

"No, that's not what I meant," Lexa insisted, and the girl just

smiled as she handed off a drink to someone else. The music was loud, so she was confident that their conversation wouldn't be overheard. "You're force-sensitive, aren't you?"

The girl froze in her tracks, and looked at Lexa with round blue eyes. Lexa raised her eyebrows, unsure of what to say.

"They always told me not to use my powers, that it might make me a target," the girl disclosed, her shock wearing down slightly as she spoke. "I told them I wouldn't use my powers and that I didn't want to be a Jedi, and they said they'd leave me in peace as long as I didn't use my powers. But the first time it happened, it was by accident, and I get bigger tips when I use it- please, don't tell."

"Why wouldn't you want to be a Jedi?" Lexa asked, intrigued by her story. She wondered why she'd never heard of this girl.

"I can't leave here," the girl admitted, looking down and wiping her hands on her apron. "I have a family. I can't leave them behind."

Lexa nodded, she too was familiar with the guilt of leaving her family behind.

"So, if someone was to stay here and train you...?"

"Yeah, I'd do it," the girl agreed. "Why, do you know someone?"

"I might," Lexa said, fiddling with the flimsy paper coaster in front of her. "What time does your shift end?"

"About half an hour," the girl replied, her eyes lighting up again. "My name's Clarke, by the way."

"I'm Lexa. I'll make a call and meet you back here in half an hour, okay?" Lexa said, already standing up.

She rushed back to her building where her droid was milling about outside. Her employer had arranged it for her in return for her services.

"I need to make a call to the council," she explained, and the robot beeped in response. They entered the privacy of the tent, and after a couple moments, the council was lit up as a hologram in front of her.

"Hello, Council," Lexa said. "I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour, but I've encountered a force-sensitive human here, and she requires training."

"Clarke," acknowledged one of the more senior members. "I believe I approached her many years ago, and she declined my offer."

"Yes, she told me," Lexa agreed. "But she said, if someone could train her here on Corellia, she would be willing to learn the ways of the Jedi. Please, allow me to teach her, since I'm stationed here anyways for the time being."

"A Padawan is not 'for the time being'," replied the council member.

"It is a commitment spanning many years, if necessary. You should know this, Lexa."

"That's not what I meant," Lexa protested. "I'd stay here longer to train her if you'd allow it."

"If she still won't leave now, what's to say she will later?" It was Anya who spoke. Lexa couldn't help but feel a twinge of betrayal as her former mentor argued against her.

"Why does she have to? She has these powers anyways, shouldn't she know how to use them? She could easily be influenced by the dark side, she needs guidance," Lexa insisted. The council members talked among themselves for a couple minutes, and finally came to a decision.

"Very well," said the argumentative council member. "You may train her on Corellia. Report back to us as frequently as you can. When you think she is ready for her lightsabre, bring her here."

"Thank you, sir. May the force be with you," Lexa replied, as the hologram shut off. Her droid looked at her and made a beeping noise. "Stop it, I don't like her more than anyone."

Lexa stood outside the bar and waited for Clarke with her hands clasped behind her back, taking in the whirring sounds of the city. It was so unlike any other planet that she'd been to, and as much as she enjoyed exploring the different surroundings, she missed the trees back home.

"Hey, you're back!" Clarke exclaimed, bringing Lexa back to the present. Her hair was down, unlike when Lexa had seen her before, and she wore a leather jacket and ripped pants. Lexa overlooked the way her heart seemed to tug towards Clarke like a magnet. She was being childish.

"I have good news for you," Lexa replied. "I'm going to be training you in the ways of the Jedi."

"Really?" Clarke asked, grinning. "You don't look like a Jedi."

"Because I'm a girl?" Lexa asked, teasingly. Women were still being integrated into the already-small group of Jedi, most of whom were men. It was dark outside, but Lexa swore she saw Clarke blush a little.

"No, I mean, that's part of it, but I mean, you're missing the cloak and the angry determined, 'I have to save the universe' look," Clarke clarified.

"Ah, right. Well, my cloak is at home, and I'm off duty right now," Lexa explained. "Anyways, we'll start training tomorrow morning, if that works with your schedule."

"Yeah, I only work evenings, and sometimes night shifts," Clarke replied. "So, uh, how does this work?"

"I'm new to this too," Lexa conceded. "But first, we need to build up your strength until you're ready for lightsaber training."

"I'm going to get a lightsaber?" Clarke echoed, her eyes widening.
"That's so cool!"

"Not for a while, but yes, eventually," Lexa replied. "Can we meet tomorrow morning at the edge of the city? By the river?"

"I'll be there," Clarke said, smiling as she shoved her hands into her pockets. "I'm glad I met you today, Lexa."

The following morning, Lexa sat on a boulder by the river, her hands folded in her lap as she waited for Clarke to join her. She'd made a point of wearing a cloak- even though it was just a formality and she only wore it on formal occasions, or when she was with more senior Jedi.

"Sorry, I'm late, my mother was fussing," Clarke said, out of breath as she ran down to meet Lexa. "Although, to be fair, you didn't specify a time, you just said morning, at the river. The river that extends miles in both directions."

"And yet you knew exactly when and where to find me," Lexa replied, grinning knowingly. "And that you were late."

"Don't ask me how I knew that, because I don't even know," Clarke insisted as she caught her breath beside Lexa.

"The force," Lexa replied, as if it explained everything. "You're already stronger than you know, Clarke."

Clarke looked up at Lexa with awestruck disbelief, and her face spread into a smile so bright that Lexa couldn't help but smile back a little.

"Now that you're here then, let's get to work," Lexa said, standing up. Clarke gave her a look, but Lexa took no pity on Clarke for being already exhausted. That was a lesson in and of itself. "A strong Jedi is not only strong with the force, but strong on her own. You need to be able to operate without using the force as a crutch- it creates cockiness."

Lexa knew this all too well- the other Padawans in her year had used the force frequently to better themselves outside of school, whether it be in games among themselves, or in competitions unrelated to their training. It was back then that she'd decided to never use the force for personal gain, as much as she could.

"I want you to walk along these rocks," Lexa instructed, gesturing to the slick rocks that lined the river bed. "I know it seems simple, but as you go faster it'll get harder and more dangerous. Some of them are loose, some of them are slippery- you need to know which ones are safe to step on, without using the force. You might want to take your shoes off."

Clarke tossed her shoes away from the river, rolled up her pants, and got to work. She started off slowly, holding her arms out for balance. As she got faster, she started slipping more and more, acquiring more and more bruises and scrapes as the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky. Lexa watched with her hands clasped behind her back and gave small corrections that wouldn't discourage Clarke. She

could already tell that the blonde was not only stubborn, but also very proud, and damaging her pride would make her want to give up.

"This is so painful," Clarke whined as she fell for the fourth time, trying to run across the rocks. She could walk briskly without using her arms to balance, but leaning forward and running offset her center of balance.

"Don't lean so far forward," Lexa suggested. "And take your time. You might not figure this out today, and that's fine. You don't need to rush."

Clarke pulled herself to her feet and walked the trail of rocks a couple more times until she felt confident enough to run them. This time, she kept her body perpendicular to the ground, and ran halfway along the rocks until she slowed to a walk.

"Did you see that?!" Clarke exclaimed, overjoyed despite bleeding from several places. "I did it!"

"I told you you could do it," Lexa praised, approaching Clarke and unclasping her hands from behind her back. "We can call it quits for today. You should get those looked at."

Lexa took Clarke's hand and pulled it forward so that she could get a better look at the lacerations along her arm. None were too severe, but it had to be painful. However, that wasn't what she was most concerned about. She was intrigued by the pure energy that seemed to flow from Clarke's soft skin to Lexa's fingertips.

When she met Clarke's eyes, she could tell that Clarke felt the same, and before she could do anything to prevent it, Clarke's lips were on hers. She met the kiss with eager acceptance, after being starved of emotional connection for years. She parted her lips when Clarke tugged on them with her teeth and tangled her hands through Clarke's hair, but she was the first to pull away, much to Clarke's chagrin.

"I'm sorry, Clarke," Lexa said softly, not backing away from Clarke's embrace. In fact, her hands stayed in Clarke's hair. "To be a Jedi is to be alone. You have to stay focused on your training."

"We've hardly even started training," Clarke protested. "I can stay focused, I can separate my feelings--"

"I can't," Lexa argued, which made Clarke quiet again. The blonde untangled herself from Lexa and stepped away awkwardly. "It's not that I don't feel it too, or that I don't want to. It's just not the Jedi way."

"Being here, training me here, that's not really the Jedi way either, is it?" Clarke argued.

"Clarke," Lexa said definitively. "We will not discuss this further today. I'll see you tomorrow morning, same place, same time."

The following week, Lexa put Clarke straight to work, leaving no time for personal conversations to keep things from getting awkward. They met at the river each morning, where they continued to practise running on rocks, or strengthened Clarke's ability to use the force to move objects such as said rocks. However, the next step in Clarke's training was simply inevitable.

"You want me to what?" Clarke said, her eyebrows shot high up on her forehead.

"You heard me," Lexa replied. "Carry me across the rocks. On your back."

"Why is that even relevant?" Clarke demanded. Lexa laughed a little.

"Ever since Luke Skywalker was a Padawan, it's sort of just been tradition," Lexa offered as an explanation, though even she didn't really understand why it was necessary. "Now, enough complaining, let's get to it."

Clarke bent down for Lexa to climb onto her back. The younger girl staggered a little under Lexa but eventually found her balance.

"Can I at least practise on solid ground first?" Clarke asked.

"Yeah, that's a good idea," Lexa agreed, wrapping her arms around Clarke and trying her very best to ignore the energy flow between them. She still didn't understand it- she'd never felt it with anyone else before. Although, it was becoming very difficult to overlook. Her insides squirmed not unpleasantly at the feeling of Clarke's hands strongly gripping her thighs.

She sort of wished that Clarke would fall in the water to rid Lexa's mind of these thoughts.

When Clarke felt confident, she started walking on the rocks. She took one step at a time, sometimes pausing for minutes at a time as she worked out which rocks would be easiest to step on with her balance so off kilter.

But then Clarke's legs started rattling violently and before Lexa could give her any advice, they tumbled into the river. Weighed down by her cloak, Lexa had to put in a little extra work to swim against the current, but managed to get back to shore, along with Clarke.

"You're doing well," Lexa encouraged, because Clarke looked absolutely miserable. She didn't let herself examine Clarke's body for injury, because she knew she would get distracted by other aspects of her. "You can use the force. Let it guide you."

"You couldn't have told me that half an hour ago?" Clarke complained, wringing out her hair. Lexa rolled her eyes.

"Half an hour ago, you didn't need it. You were just walking on a paved path," Lexa reminded her. She took off her cloak and draped it over a rock to dry in the early morning sunlight.

With the use of the force, Clarke was able to walk with much more confidence, but didn't run quite yet. Lexa didn't want her to anyways. But the way that Clarke used the force so easily made it clear to Lexa that Clarke's powers were stronger than she originally thought.

"Let's leave it there for today," Lexa suggested once Clarke had walked the same length that she had without her on her back. "Come with me. We have more training to do."

"Seriously?" Clarke groaned in protest. "I did more work today than I have ever!"

"Don't worry, the rest won't be too difficult," Lexa assured. "Usually a Jedi takes their Padawan on missions with them, and since I'm not exactly doing any missions at the moment, you're going to come with me to work."

"Why aren't you assigned on any missions?" Clarke asked curiously, catching up to Lexa, who was already snatching her cloak and climbing the steps back to the city.

"The Jedi Council finds me argumentative," Lexa explained. "I'm always challenging their traditions, and they find that problematic. Even though I was the top of my class, they hardly ever send me on missions. Don't tell anyone that."

"My lips are sealed," Clarke assured. "So what do you do?"

"I'm a glorified security guard," Lexa said. "Basically I just protect this fleet of ships from smugglers."

"Smugglers, huh?" Clarke repeated, smirking. "Ever seen any?"

"Not yet," Lexa admitted, growing suspicious of Clarke's expression.

"Well, maybe because there aren't any," Clarke replied, holding back laughter. "Seriously. Everyone here is training to become a pilot, and every ship that leaves here has to be checked and double checked by security before it can leave. And those who do try to smuggle a ship out of here... Well, they get thrown into orbit without anything. We call it floating. No one is dumb enough to risk that."

"I didn't let him pay me because I thought I was doing some great service to him by being here," Lexa said, looking around uneasily. "Wait out here. I'm going to talk to him."

She entered the office of the aircraft hangar, where her employer was sitting with his feet kicked up on the desk.

"You didn't mention that there aren't any smugglers in this city," Lexa said angrily, not even bothering to say hello. His jaw dropped a little and he hung up the phone, whispering some variant of "I'll get back to you later."

"Lexa...", he started, but quickly trailed off. His silence said more than any words could.

"I'm quitting," she informed him. "I trust that you won't need two-weeks notice, since this job wasn't necessary to begin with."

"Fair enough," said the man. "You can keep the room. You deserve it."

"Thank you, Gustus," Lexa replied in a calmer tone. She bowed her head and left the hangar.

Clarke was outside, leaning against the wall and waiting for her with her arms crossed. If Lexa didn't already know her, she might've been intimidated by the blonde.

"How'd it go?" Clarke asked, standing upright when she saw Lexa.

"He's letting me keep my living quarters," Lexa said optimistically. They fell in stride with one another as they walked back towards Lexa's place.

"Did you have to use the force on him? Did you force it out of him?" Clarke pressed, making some weird hand gesture to represent using the force.

"No, I just asked for the truth and he told me," Lexa said. "People know better than to underestimate the power of a Jedi. When you've earned your title, no one will dare to challenge you ever again. Except perhaps your peers."

"Must be nice," Clarke said in a dejected tone that concerned Lexa. Against her better judgement, she reached out and took Clarke's hand. Clarke looked at her with surprised eyes.

"Clarke, you're stronger than you think," Lexa insisted. The energy between their palms was pleasantly warm, but held them together like glue. "If anyone is making you feel-"

"They aren't," Clarke asserted, a little too quickly to be convincing. "Just sometimes at work... Well, there's this one regular, and he's a really sloppy drunk. I have to get authorities involved every night he comes in, and he's not really a threat to me, it would just be nice if I could handle him myself, you know?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Lexa agreed, thinking back to her entirely too cocky classmates. "If you ever need help... You know where to find me."

"What are you going to do now that you're out of a job?" Clarke asked. She didn't let go of Lexa's hand, and it seemed unlikely that either of them would be able to. Their arms swung back and forth gently with each stride. Lexa's home was coming into view.

"My full-time job is training you," Lexa replied with a knowing grin, causing Clarke to roll her eyes.

"Great, lucky me," Clarke said sarcastically, and when Lexa leaned in to kiss her, it was purely by accident. However, wrapping her arms around Clarke and letting the kiss continue was on purpose. As much

as she fought her feelings for Clarke, something inside her, stronger than the force, kept drawing her to the blonde.

"Wait- I thought you said that you couldn't be with me," Clarke protested, pushing Lexa back by her shoulders, but her grip was gentle and polite. Lexa's hand traced the curve of Clarke's jaw.

"I said I couldn't keep my feelings in check, and I stand by that statement," Lexa reminded her. Clarke smiled. "Unless this makes you uncomfortable."

"Not at all," Clarke replied, leaning in to kiss Lexa again.

3. Chapter 3

"It's time to begin your lightsaber training," Lexa announced, when Clarke could finally run the rocks confidently with or without her on her back. "Pack your things. We'll leave as soon as you're ready."

"How long will we be gone for?" Clarke fretted. Lexa pulled her close by her wrist and pressed a reassuring kiss to her forehead.

"Don't worry- your family will be okay without you for a couple weeks," Lexa assured. Clarke pulled away.

"A few weeks?" Clarke repeated, her eyes wide. "I can't just pack up and leave like that, I have to talk to my boss, I have to make arrangements for someone to cover my shift-"

"Clarke, eventually, you're going to have to leave if you want to become a Jedi," Lexa pointed out. "You can't stay here forever."

"Was this your plan all along? To get me to trust you and then just whisk me away? You said you couldn't break the rules, but you would for me. Was that a lie too?" Clarke demanded. Lexa grabbed her wrist gently, and tried to look past the tears in Clarke's eyes. It didn't work. She felt her heart aching as much as Clarke's.

"I never lied to you," Lexa insisted. "I'll admit, I was hoping that this trip would open your mind to the idea of leaving, because I can't stay here much longer, and I'd like it if you'd come with me to Coruscant."

Clarke fell silent for a moment, considering Lexa's words. Before Clarke could argue further, Lexa continued.

"If you don't want to leave forever, that's fine. Just please, come on this one trip. Think of it as a vacation," Lexa suggested, becoming desperate.

"I'll go," Clarke said begrudgingly. "Can I at least say goodbye to my people?"

"Of course," Lexa said, releasing her hold on Clarke's wrist, not realising how tightly she had been holding it. "Come by my place when you're ready to go."

Clarke left without saying goodbye.

Hours passed, and Lexa started to wonder if Clarke would ever show up. She paced the floor nervously, wondering just when she lost her reason to her emotions. Finally, she heard a knock at her door, but rather than calming her nerves, it just reignited them.

"You said training to be a Jedi needed to be a full commitment, or not at all," Clarke said, her eyes puffy. Lexa gripped the door with white knuckles to keep from pulling Clarke into a hug. "This is me. Making a full commitment."

"Clarke... What are you saying?" Lexa dared to ask.

"I'll move to Coruscant with you," Clarke said. "If that's what's necessary for me to become a Jedi."

"I want you to make this decision for the right reasons," Lexa protested, noting the resignation in Clarke's tone. "If you're doing it because you feel pressured, please reconsider."

Clarke stepped over the threshold and took Lexa's free hand.

"I'm doing this for the right reasons," Clarke promised. Lexa nodded and picked up her own bag from the floor. She didn't have many belongings to begin with, so stuffing her belongings into a duffel bag wasn't that difficult.

They walked outside where Lexa's ship was waiting for them on the tarmac. Lexa's droid was already waiting for them in its little seat. They settled into the two seats in the cockpit.

"You're sure about this?" Lexa asked, and Clarke rolled her eyes.

"If you ask me one more time, I'm going to leave without you," Clarke teased, and Lexa smiled now that Clarke was acting like her usual self.

After going through security and displaying her ownership papers, they were well on their way to Coruscant. It would be a relatively brisk flight if they travelled at light speed, but Lexa wanted to have a bit more time to spend freely with Clarke before they went before the Jedi Council. Clarke kicked her feet up on the dash and looked out the window.

"This goes without saying, but don't say anything about our relationship while we're there, alright? I can't get in more trouble with Anya," Lexa said, earning her a pointed look from Clarke.

"Where is the trust, Lex?" Clarke replied, feigning despair. "Of course I'm not going to tell."

"Clarke, this is Anya," Lexa introduced, her hands clasped behind her back as the two shook hands. "She was my mentor when I was a Padawan."

"It's a pleasure to finally meet," Clarke said brightly, but Anya just nodded. "Lexa's told me lots about you."

"Likewise," Anya said in a tone that was barely friendly. "Lexa thinks very highly of you, but today, your training will be put to the test. You'll spar with Indra's Padawan, Octavia Blake. She's been training for about as long as you have, if not, a little longer, so it should be a fair fight."

Lexa could sense the dread from Clarke, and it wasn't just because of the force.

"Shouldn't be a problem." Clarke forced the words out from a clenched jaw, and didn't sound convincing in any way. Anya smirked and left the room. "What the hell? I didn't know I was going to have to duel someone!"

"Relax," Lexa said, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "First off, it's not a duel. Anya just wants to see how far along you are. Second of all, you're ready for this. Just remember your training. You're stronger than you know, Clarke."

"Right, okay," Clarke breathed, internalizing Lexa's words. "What's the worst that can happen?"

Three rounds and a bloody nose later, Lexa realized that this was about as bad as it could get. She wouldn't say anything to Clarke of course, but the blonde was getting her butt kicked by this Octavia girl. Lexa should've expected as such- Indra had been in her class, and if there was one thing that she was known for, it was how tough she was. Of course her Padawan would be no different. She wished she'd at least warned Clarke.

"I've seen enough," Anya declared, as Clarke made yet another failed attempt to take down Octavia. "Indra, Octavia, you two are dismissed. I have private matters to discuss with Clarke and Lexa."

It was Lexa's turn to feel the dread. Despite all the time she had spent with Anya, there was still something incredibly intimidating about her. Perhaps it was the demeaning stares she cast at everyone, or the way she never smiled.

"The force is strong with you two," Anya remarked. Lexa cast a look at Clarke, who was just trying to ignore the blood oozing from her nose.

"Yes, Clarke is very skilled for someone who has as little training as her," Lexa agreed. She knew Clarke would be offended by the comment, but it was mostly to help Anya understand that just because she lost to Octavia, didn't mean that she was totally incompetent.

"Yeah, and Lexa's pretty talented too, I guess, but I haven't really seen her in action, so I wouldn't know," Clarke added, following Lexa's lead.

"You've misunderstood me," Anya commented, the ghost of a smile teasing her lips. "The force is strong between you two. Surely you two must've felt it- the pull towards each other."

Neither Lexa or Clarke spoke up, but Lexa nodded slowly. She knew better than to lie to Anya.

"Relax, I'm not going to make you guys turn in your Jedi license," Anya said sarcastically- an ability that Lexa was all too familiar with. "If you keep fighting this, you'll never be able to focus on what's important. Which is why I'm making an exception to the rule that says that a Jedi must be alone. This is a special case where you two are stronger together than you are apart."

"So wait," Clarke said, trying to get her head around the situation. "The force _wants _Lexa and I to be together?"

"That's not how the force works- honestly Lexa, what are you teaching this poor kid?" Anya snapped, rolling her eyes. "But simply put, _sure, _the force 'wants' you to be together."

"Has this even happened before?" Lexa asked, finally understanding the energy that flowed between them whenever they touched.

"It's very rare," Anya acknowledged. "Which is why I'm allowing this relationship. Don't take that lightly. You're dismissed."

Lexa led Clarke out of the gym, into the adjacent locker room. Sitting Clarke down on a bench, Lexa ran a cloth under the tap and gingerly dabbed it at the blood that stained Clarke's porcelain skin. Clarke winced, but didn't move away.

"You were very tough today," Lexa said proudly. "Don't be discouraged by this. It was only your first fight."

"Are we not going to talk about what Anya just said?" Clarke asked, raising her eyebrows.

"We don't need to talk at all," Lexa replied, pressing a chaste kiss to Clarke's lips. "But I should probably finish cleaning you up first. No offense."

Clarke just rolled her eyes and smiled a little. Lexa smiled back and lifted her spare hand to caress Clarke's cheek as she worked.

"There, you're good now," Lexa said, setting aside the now-bloody rag.

She'd barely finished talking when Clarke was kissing her.

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